

For. Yes Madam faire.
 Qu. Nay, neuer paint me now,
 Where faire is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
 Here (good my glasse) take this for telling true:
 Faire paiement for foule words, is more then due.
 For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.
 Qu. See, see, my beautie will be sau'd by merit.
 O heresie in faire, fit for these dayes,
 A giuing hand, though foule, shall haue faire praise.
 But come, the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill,
 And shooting well, is then accounted ill:
 Thus will I saue my credit in the shoote,
 Not wounding, pittie would not let me do't:
 If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,
 That more for prai'se, then purpose meant to kill.
 And out of question, so it is sometimes:
 Glory growes guiltie of detested crimes,
 When for Fames sake, for praise an outward part,
 We bend to that, the working of the hart.
 As I for praise alone now seeke to spill
 The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meanes no ill.
 Boy. Do not curst wiues hold that selfe-soueraigntie
 Onely for praise sake, when they strue to be
 Lords ore their Lords?
 Qu. Onely for praise, and praise we may afford,
 To any Lady that subdewes a Lord.

Enter Clowne.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.
 Clo. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head
 Lady?
 Qu. Thou shalt know her fellow, by the rest that haue
 no heads.
 Clo. Which is the greatest Lady, the highest?
 Qu. The thickest, and the tallest.
 Clo. The thickest, & the tallest: it is so, truth is truth.
 And your waste Mistris, were as slender as my wit,
 One a these Maides girdles for your waste should be fit.
 Are not you the chiefe womā? You are the thickest here?
 Qu. What's your will fir? What's your will?
 Clo. I haue a Letter from Monsieur Berowne,
 To one Lady Rosaline.
 Qu. O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine.
 Stand a side good bearer.
 Boyet, you can carue,
 Breake vp this Capon.
 Boyet. I am bound to serue.
 This Letter is mistooke: it importeth none here:
 It is writ to Iaquenetta.
 Qu. We will reade it, I sweare.
 Breake the necke of the Waxe, and euery one giue eare.

Boyet reads.

BY heauen, that thou art faire, is most infallible: true
 that thou art beauctous, truth it selfe that thou art
 lovely: more fairer then faire, beautifull then beauctous,
 truer then truth it selfe: haue comiseration on thy heroi-
 call Vassall. The magnanimous and most illustre King
 Copbetus set eie vpon the pernicious and indubitate Beg-
 ger Zenelophon: and he it was that might rightly say, *Ve-
 ni, vidi, vici*: Which to annothianize in the vulgar, O
 base and obscure vulgar; *videliset*, He came, See, and o-
 uercome: hee came one; see, two; couercome three:
 Who came? the King. Why did he come? to see. Why

did he see? to ouercome. To whom came he? to the
 Begger. What saw he? the Begger. Who ouercome
 he? the Begger. The conclusion is victorie: On whose
 side? the King: the captiue is inricht: On whose side?
 the Beggers. The catastrophe is a Nuptiall: on whose
 side? the Kings: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am
 the King (for so stands the comparison) thou the Beg-
 ger, for so witnesseth thy lowlinesse. Shall I command
 thy loue? I may. Shall I enforce thy loue? I could.
 Shall I entreate thy loue? I will. What, shalt thou ex-
 change for ragges, robes: for titles titles, for thy selfe
 mee. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on
 thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy
 euerie part.

Thine in the dearest designe of industrie,

Don Adriana de Armatho.

Thus dost thou heare the Nemean Lion roare,
 Gainst thee thou Lambe, that standest as his pray:
 Submissiue fall his princely feete before,
 And he from forrage will incline to play.
 But if thou strue (poore soule) what art thou then?
 Foode for his rage, repasture for his den.

Qu. What plume of feathers is hee that indited this
 Letter? What veine? What Wethercocke? Did you
 euer heare better?

Boy. I am much deceiued, but I remember the stile.
 Qu. Else your memorie is bad, going ore it erewhile.
 Boy. This Armado is a Spaniard that keeps here in court
 A Phantasmie, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
 To the Prince and his Booke-mates.

Qu. Thou fellow, a word.
 Who gaue thee this Letter?
 Clo. I told you, my Lord.
 Qu. To whom shouldst thou giue it?
 Clo. From my Lord to my Lady.
 Qu. From which Lord, to which Lady?
 Clo. From my Lord Berowne, a good master of mine,
 To a Lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.
 Qu. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come Lords away.
 Here sweete, put vp this, 'twill be thine another day.

Boy. Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?
 Rosa. Shall I teach you to know.
 Boy. I may continent of beauctie.
 Rosa. Why she that beares the Bow. Finely put off.
 Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,
 Hang me by the necke, if hornes that yeare miscarrie.
 Finely put on.

Rosa. Well then, I am the shooter.
 Boy. And who is your Deare?
 Rosa. If we chooseth by the hornes, your selfe come not
 neare. Finely put on indeede.
 Maria. You still wrangle with her Boyet, and shee
 strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she her selfe is hit lower:
 Haue I hit her now.
 Rosa. Shall I come vpon thee with an old saying, that
 was a man when King Pippin of France was a little boy, as
 touching the hit it.
 Boyet. So I may answere thee with one as old that
 was a woman when Queene Chimoner of Brittain was a
 little wench, as touching the hit it.

Rosa. Thou

Rosa. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
 Thou canst not hit it my good man.

Boy. I cannot, cannot, cannot:

And I cannot, another can.

Exit.

Clo. By my troth most pleasant, how both did fit it.

Mar. A marke matucilous well shot, for they both

did hit.

Boy. A marke, O marke but that marke: a marke saies

my Lady.

Let the mark haue a pricke in't, to meat at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide a'th bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.

Clo. Indee'de a must shoote nearer, or heele ne're hit

the clout.

Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand

is in.

Clo. Then will shee get the vpshoot by cleauing the

is in.

Ma. Come, come, you talke greasely, your lips grow

foule.

Clo. She's too hard for you at pricks, fir challenge her

to boule.

Boy. I feare too much rubbing: good night my good

Oule.

Clo. By my soule a Swaine, a most simple Clowne.

Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put him downe.

O my troth most sweete icfts, most inconie vulgar wit,

When it comes so smoothly off, so obsecenely, as it were,

so fit.

Armatho ath to the side, O a most dainty man.

To see him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fan.

To see him kisse his hand, and how most sweetly a will

sweare:

And his Page at other side, that handfull of wit,

Ah heauens, it is most patheticall nit.

Sowla, sowla.

Shoote within.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant and Nathaniel.

Nat. Very reuerent sport truly, and done in the testi-

mony of a good conscience.

Ped. The Deare was (as you know) sanguis in blood,

ripe as a Pomwater, who now hangeth like a Iewell in

the eare of Colo the skie; the welken the heauen, and a-

nonfallerh like a Crab on the face of Terra, the soyle, the

land, the earth.

Curat. Nath. Truly M. Holofernes, the epythithes are

sweetly varied like a scholler at the least: but fir I assure

ye, it was a Bucke of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, hand credo.

Dul. 'Twas not a hand credo; 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of insi-

gnation, as it were in *via*, in way of explication *facere*: as

it were replication, or rather *offentare*, to show as it were

his inclination after his vndersted, vnpolished, vneduca-

ted, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or rathe-

rest vnconfirmed fashion, to insert againe my *hand credo*

for a Deare.

Dul. I said the Deare was not a *hand credo*, 'twas a

Pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicitie, *his colum*, O thou mon-

ster Ignorance, how deformed doost thou looke.

Nath. Sir hee hath neuer fed of the dainties that are

bred in a booke.

He hath not eate paper as it were:

He hath not drunke inke.

His intellect is not replenish-

onely sensible in the duller

are set before vs, that we the

taste and feeling, are for tho

vs more then he.

For as it would ill become

a foole;

So were there a patch set o

Schoole.

But *omne bene* say I, being o

Many can brooke the weath

Dul. You two are book

wit, What was a month old

weekes old as yet?

Hol. *Disfima* goodma

Dull.

Dul. What is *disfima*?

Nath. A title to *Phibe*, to

Hol. The Moone was a r

no more.

And wrought not to fue-w

Th'allusion holds in the Exch

Dul. 'Tis true indeede, t

Exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy cap

in the Exchange.

Dul. And I say the poluf

for the Moone is neuer but a

side that, 'twas a Pricket tha

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will

Epytaph on the death of th

the ignorant call'd the Dea

Pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good M.

please you to abrogate scuri

Hol. I will something aff

facilitie.

The prayfull Princeesse p

a prettie pleasing Pri

Some say a Sore, but not

till now made sore m

The Dogges did yell, pu

then Sorell tumps fra

Or Pricket, fore, or else

the people fall a boate

If Sore be sore, then ell t

makes fiftie sores O s

Of one sore I an hundred

by adding but one mo

Nath. A rare talent.

Dul. If a talent be a claw

with a talent.

Nath. This is a gift that

lith extravagant spirit, full of

iects, Ideas, apprehensions, n

are begot in the ventricle of

wombe of primater, and del

of occasion: but the gift is

acute, and I am thankfull for

Hol. Sir, I praise the Lor

parishioners, for their Son

and their Daughters profit v

are a good member of the co

Nath. *Me hercle*, If their